

# LITTLE MEN & LITTLE WOMEN



PEOPLE CAME FROM FAR AND NEAR TO LISTEN TO THE MUSIC OF THE SWANS.

"From 'Myths and Legends of the Celtic Race,' published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

## The Four Singing Swans

Adapted by Emma Bugbee.

This is a story about four enchanted swans.

Long, long ago in the beautiful green valleys of Ireland there dwelt a race of wonderful beings, part god and part man, who were more beautiful and clever than any other creatures who ever danced in the moonlight glades or talked with the fairies when they came peeping out from the hilly cups where they lived in the daytime.

The king of these beautiful people was named Lir, and he knew all the secrets of joy and light. His oldest son, Manannan, was the sea god, who owned a great magic cloak, changeable in color like the sea, and a boat which would sail without oar or sail in whatever direction Manannan wished, and he commanded the white crested waves upon which he rode as upon prancing horses. So Lir and Manannan were very happy but for a great sorrow which befell them. Lir had four younger children of whom he was very fond, a little girl who was named Fianna, which means the Maid of the Fair Shoulder, and three fine, sturdy boys, Fionn, Conn and Hugh. But, unfortunately, their mother died, and in the course of time Lir married another wife, but she was not his mother, who was as wicked as his was beautiful. Lir's great love for his children finally aroused the jealousy of the wicked step-

mother, and she resolved to put the children out of the way. Far too clever was she to make known her jealousy to any one, and she made herself so beautiful and charming to the children by toying through the gardens with them and by telling them stories of enchanted castles that they wanted never to leave her. So, when she decided to go on a long journey to the castle of a friendly king, she took with her four little ones, and she begged them to accompany her, not dreaming in their innocence that the journey was only to get them away from their father, so that she might have them wholly in her power.

The little party rested beside a mountain lake one night when the moon was hidden by storm clouds and no other persons were near. Then in the dark and mist of the night the wicked stepmother decided to kill the children. She drew her attendants to one side and ordered them to slay with her magic silver sword first the beautiful little girl and then the boys, but the attendants refused to be so wicked. Rather would they die themselves, they swore! So the wicked queen resolved to do the deed herself. She called the little ones to her, begging them to sing her one of their lovely children's songs while she reared. As they came running to climb upon her lap and nestle by her knees their innocent, loving faces, so trusting, shook her resolve

to kill them. She found that she herself could not do the awful deed, either. Get rid of them she must, however, so she summoned her magic powers and changed the four children into four beautiful white swans, casting a spell upon them so that they were to live for three hundred years upon the waters of this mountain lake where they had stopped to rest; three hundred years upon the Straits of Moyle, between Ireland and Scotland, and three hundred years upon the Atlantic Ocean! This awful spell would be broken only when some princess of the South country married a chief of the North country. And this was a very difficult condition, because the country of Ireland is large, and in those days travelling was not as easy as it is now. Then, too, the North of Ireland people were not always very good friends with the southern folk. So this spell the wicked stepmother cast over the four children had a mighty meaning.

Two things she forgot, however. One was to deprive the children of their power of speech and song, so that they could tell anybody who came to the lake just what had happened to them. The other thing she forgot was that when she arrived at her journey's end the old king would immediately ask where his beloved children were, and so her crime would be discovered.

This is exactly what happened. The old king went for many hours, and all the court wept with him, while the wretched queen trembled in a corner. Finally the king turned to her. All her magic arts could not protect her from his wrath. He waved his hand four times, then pointed out of the window, crying in a fearful voice:

"Fly away to the realms of night, where evil things live!"

The beautiful queen was changed immediately into a horrible flying dragon, who rose, shrieking, into the air and flew away, never to be heard from again.

She and her then travelled back to the mountain lake, to seek out the swan children, and their grief was somewhat assuaged by the discovery that the children had retained their power of speech and their wonderful gift of song. So, floating upon the silver water, the four swans comforted their sorrowful father and promised to sing to him every day at sunset. The fame of this spread far and wide through the land, so that all the people of Ireland journeyed thither to see and hear the wondrous creatures. The three hundred years of their first period of enchantment passed in this wise, and during this time a great peace and gentleness pervaded the land.

But at last the day came for the swans to leave the pleasant home of their father's kingdom and to take up their abode by the wild cliffs in the angry sea. There they suffered the worst kind of loneliness, in the cold and storm. Forbidden by the enchantment to rest on the land, their feathers froze to the wet rocks on winter nights and they were often lost and separated in the blinding storms. Their song changed to a sad wail, the words of which were:

Our bath is the frothing brine,  
In bays by red rocks guarded;  
For mead at our father's table  
We drink of the salt blue sea.  
Three sons and a single daughter,  
In cloths of cold robes dwelling,  
The hard rocks, cruel to mortals,  
We are full of keening to-night.

Fianna, the eldest of the four, mothered her little brothers as best she could in these terrible times, wrapping her wings around them on the cruel, frosty nights, and the sad little party did everything they could to comfort each other.

After years and years of this suffering the time came for them to enter upon their life on the Atlantic Coast, but the sorcerer's power was dying out now, and their lot was easier. After a time a young farmer named Eric, who dwelt beside the sea, found out who the magic talking swans were, and befriended them by guiding them on their way back to their father's kingdom. With joy in their hearts,

pouring forth floods of golden music which made happy every one who heard it, the four wanderers arrived. But alas! where was the beloved crystal palace of their memory? Where were the gardens in which they had romped with their beautiful stepmother? And where, most important of all, was their loving father, Lir? All were gone. Where once the castle stood now were only green mounds and whin bushes and nettles.

Sad at heart, they flew slowly and without singing now back to the friendly farmer boy who had befriended them. There on the shore they heard the sound of a church bell. The music had a strange sound to their ears, but the good hermit who dwelt in the chapel by the sea soon made himself beloved of the swans, and each day they joined him singing his sacred songs.

And finally the doom of spell was ended. A princess from the south came to be married to a northern chief, as the wicked stepmother had prophesied. The fame of the singing swans had come to her ears, and she begged her betrothed to give them to her for a wedding present. The good hermit refused to part with them, whereupon the northern chief seized them, violently by their silver chains and dragged them off to his bride.

When they reached her the magic spell was ended! The swan plumage fell off and revealed—ah! it was many long, sad years since they were children—the forms of four withered, snowy haired and feeble creatures, each one nearly a thousand years old! They had not long to live in this misery, however, and the hermit came to be with them at their death.

"Lay us in one grave," said Fianna, the sister, "and place Conn at my right hand and Fianna at my left and Hugh before my face, for there they were wont to be when I sheltered them many a winter night upon the sea." And so lived and died these four Irish children many, many years ago.

## Important Announcement

Next Sunday this page will change into a weekly newspaper for children. It will be a sheet (newspapers are often called sheets!) devoted to everything in which you are interested: Games, art, literature, books, inventions, etc., etc. But the very best of it all is that your own articles and stories or bits of valuable information will be published every Sunday with the names of the authors (of course, if they come up to the newspaper's standard).

If you can draw send an illustration; and if you can take good photographs about which there is something interesting to say, send those too. Here is something worth while for every boy and girl to do. But—please write on one side of the paper—in ink, and if you should happen to own a typewriter, use that, of course.

Address  
Editor of Children's Page  
New-York Tribune

## LAST WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

Humpty Dumpty Puzzle.—Humpty didn't have a fall "because he used his umbrella as a parachute." The three prize winners and their prizes are Frederick Dennis, aged eight, No. 24 State street, Ossining, N. Y.; No. 90 Bay Ridge avenue, Brooklyn, a box of water color paints, and Blanche Steinberg, aged eight, No. 2-5 East 11th street, New York City, a box of water color paints.

Things to Think About.—The three prize winners and their prizes are Margaret H. Laidlaw, aged eleven, Sans Souci, West Point Pleasant, N. J., an interesting book; Ruth M. Chapman, aged twelve, Bayberry Point, Islip, Long Island, a sterling silver Tribune badge, and Eva H. Stone, aged fourteen, No. 266 Tompkins avenue, New Brighton, Staten Island, a gold filled belt pin.

Our Letter Box.—Letters by prize winners will be published next week.

## HOW TO WIN A PRIZE.

Contest No. 1 (Safe and Sane PI).—Choice of a sterling silver Tribune badge, a set of battleship postcards, an interesting book, a gold filled belt pin, a box of water color paints, a gold filled tie clip or a modelling outfit for the nearest and best three answers.

Contest No. 2 (Things to Think About).—Children twelve years old or under may solve any two of the four puzzles, those over twelve must try to solve all four of them. Choice of the same prizes as in Contest No. 1 for the nearest and best three answers.

Contest No. 3 (Honor List).—A set of four little books, containing stories of adventure in England, will be given to every little man or little woman whose name appears five times in the honor list. Watch the honor list and keep the date when your name appears. When you have five dates send them to the office of Little Men and Little Women—and the books will be forwarded to you.

In sending answers to puzzles it is not necessary to send a letter with them. Use, if you can, paper of the ordinary letter size, and write your name, address, age and choice of prize in the upper right hand corner of the first page.

## Things to Think About

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 1, 2 is a preposition meaning not out; my 3, 4, 5 is an adjective meaning far below the surface; my 11, 14, 7, 8, 15 is a noun meaning a confection made of sugar; my 19, 9, 12, 13 is a noun meaning urgent want or poverty, and my whole, which is spelled with fifteen letters, is the name of a national holiday usually celebrated with much enthusiasm and considerable noise.

### ANAGRAMS.

1. Ah! a lid!  
2. A nut pie.  
3. Grim load.

By rearranging the letters in the above find the names of three brightly colored flowers that bloom in the garden in summer.

### HIDDEN WORDS.

Form the eight words defined below from the letters in the word "strap," using each letter but once in a word:  
1. To engage in the exercise or sport of boxing.  
2. A certain portion or amount of anything.  
3. The poisonous serpent commonly as-

sumed to have caused the death of Cleopatra.

4. A tool resembling a file.  
5. Having a natural or habitual tendency to.  
6. Skill.  
7. Occupied a seat.  
8. In a similar manner.

JUMBLED PROVERB.  
A derlin n dene si a refnid eddine.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

HIDDEN WORDS.  
1. Rap; 2. pat; 3. sap; 4. rat; 5. star; 6. tar; 7. lap; 8. trap.

CHARADE.  
Childhood.

HIDDEN FRUITS.  
1. Orange; 2. peach; 3. lemon; 4. plum; 5. banana; 6. pear; 7. melon; 8. apple.

WORD SQUARE.  
L U N G  
U O N N  
N O R A  
G N A W

Dear Editor: I thank you very much for the check you sent me. Yours respectfully,  
JOHN H. CLINE.  
No. 15 Park street, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Dear Editor: I received the check for \$1, and, thanking you for the same, I remain, your constant reader,  
DONALD B. REAGAN.  
No. 19 Eberon Place, Albany.

The "Honor List" will be published next week.



## SAFE AND SANE PI.

neerG leids, neerg steer, lube sieks r'eo adhe,  
woT shorn, a nap, a umdr rio edN,  
moSe tiang rersacc, lidief thiw setwes,

nDA horte nidsk fo lojly ratest—  
A sourlog thourF, thiw tlos fo soine,  
dAn tey tique fase rof sirgl dna ysbo.

# A Glorious Fourth! Little Tribes Have a Wonderful Time Without Firecrackers

## How Billy and Tommy Had So Many Other Kinds of Fun They Didn't Miss Firecrackers.

Evening settled down gently upon the little camp. The sun, which had laughed so merrily at the four little Tribes in the morning, seemed to sink away into the night, leaving Baby Betty lost in the woods, and lingered as long as it could, sending bright pink clouds 'way up high in the heavens, to peek down between the trees looking for her, but neither they nor the bright eyes of all the little Tribes family succeeded in finding the little pink-rompered figure. Finally, it became so dark that Father Trib lighted the lanterns, and he and the boys started out again into the woods, calling and shouting:

"Betty! Betty! Where are you?"

At first only the squirrels answered, chattering in the treetops; but suddenly Romp, who had rushed away ahead of the party, set up a great barking, and, Father Trib, running toward him, heard the little familiar voice piping:

"Here's Betty, papa!"

And, sure enough, there she was, all cuddled up against a big log, just the way Romp had found her, where she had been sound asleep all the time.

"I didn't 'run away. I just went to find a boat," she explained, "an' there was a squawell, an' I tried to catch him, an' he wunned, an' I wunned, an' he jumped up in the tree, an'—an' dat's all."

The little yellow head drooped on Daddy's shoulder, and Betty was off in dreamland again. Thus ended the first day of adventure in Camp Tribune.

The good times that followed! Dear me! it would take all summer to tell about them, and, anyway, the Little Men and Little Women who have been camping can imagine for themselves how jolly it was when all the little Tribes learned to swim in the clear, sunny lake, and when the little squirrels in the trees became so tame that they ate their breakfast of nuts out of Polly's hands. So the days passed, until one morning the little Tribes heard a great hallooing and shouting up the road, and lo! it was Uncle Jack come to spend the Fourth of July.

"Mayn't we unpack the firecrackers now?" the boys demanded, but their uncle shook his head.

"Boys," he said, "what would you think of Fourth of July without firecrackers?"

"Fourth of July without firecrackers?"

"Demay was in Billy's voice, and Tommy echoed it with:

"Why, it wouldn't be Fourth of July at all."

"You wait and see," answered their uncle. "We'll have just as good a time, even if I didn't bring you any firecrackers."

And because there was nobody in the world who knew how to make good times better than their Uncle Jack the twins trusted him, but they were very solemn around the campfire that night and hardly smiled even when Uncle Jack told about some baby bears who got themselves all stuck together with molasses that they stole from his camp one year. When the farmer's boy from across the pond brought

the evening pail of milk, he whispered to Billy and Tommy:

"I've got some reg'lar cannon crackers! Bring 'em over some in the morning. Pa wouldn't let me have any, but a feller give 'em to me down to the station."

This didn't make the twins feel any happier, and they went to bed wondering if ever any of Uncle Jack's wonderful good times could make up for the lack of firecrackers.

Well, Fourth of July morning dawned with a sky that was all red, white and blue, as anybody could see who was awake early enough. The clouds were all red and white, and the sky overhead was a deep blue, just like the flag!

The first celebration of the day was the appearance of little Polly without her cap.

Dear me! Of course, you remember how Polly's curls all had to be cut off when she was sick, and how to hide her poor, funny bald head Mother Trib made her a little ruffled cap. The sunshine and fresh air had made Polly well and fat again and as brown as a chocolate candy doll, as Uncle Jack called her, and her head was all covered with little fluffy yellow curls like a baby chicken. So Uncle Jack made a funny speech and pulled off Polly's cap, declaring that now she was a real girl again.

Then what did the little Tribes do all the long morning hours when in other years they had shot off firecrackers? Well, first they planted a flag on the high hill that overlooked the lake. It was a long climb, but they saw a mother and two baby deer in the woods, so it was worth while. Then

when they reached the top they looked down on the long, shining lake, and miles and miles of forests beyond it. "Way down below was Camp Tribune, and as they looked somebody walked out on the shore. It was Grandpa Trib, and he waved a flag at them. Then how the little Tribes waved back and shouted: "Hooray, hooray! for Camp Tribune!"

They left the flag, stuck in between two rocks, flying to remind the forests and the squirrels and the deer that it was the Fourth of July, and they wrote on a piece of birch bark and tied to the flagpole: "Mount Independence, discovered by The Tribune explorers, July 4, 1912."

Then, of course, they had a picnic lunch. Whoever climbed a mountain without eating on top of it? Way down in the bottom

of the lunch basket what do you suppose they found? A red, white and blue cake, a surprise from Dinnah. They may be sure the children all felt very patriotic after they had eaten that.

"We're red, white and blue inside and out both, now," giggled Polly, shaking the crumbs off her red dress.

When they returned to camp they found a great pile of bright colored paper things which turned out to be Japanese lanterns to hang in the trees.

"We're going to have a party," announced Uncle Jack, "and all the people in all the camps around the lake are invited. Now, you kiddies may help string these lanterns between the trees, and hang them on the poles in the boats. We're going to have a boat parade, as well as a land party."

In the midst of all the excitement of decorating the boats, Billy drew Tommy aside. "The milk boy didn't bring us any cannon crackers," he whispered.

"No," said Tommy, and the twins looked solemn for a minute.

"Daddy'd never let us have those big things, anyway," they said.

Then they forgot all about the milk boy and his firecrackers in the fun of the Fourth of July party. There were potato races and flag games, and a race in boats with bobbing Japanese lanterns, reflected most curiously in the water, and finally everybody sat cross-legged around the campfire to listen to Uncle Jack's famous stories. Billy and Tommy had never heard before the story of the little boy who celebrated the Fourth of July. It was "way back in 1776 when, according to the story, this little boy waited on the doorstep of Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, until the word came from within that the Declaration of Independence was signed, whereupon he rushed around to the church, shouting: "Ring, grandpa, ring!" and the old man up in the bell tower pulled hard on the ropes, telling all the people that henceforth they were free—they were independent of England's rule!

Just as Uncle Jack finished his story and Billy was commenting to Tommy about the first Fourth of July and the little boy of the story Daddy Trib slipped into the circle around the campfire. He had been gone several hours, but the twins had been having such a good time they hadn't missed him.

And How a Terrible Accident Which Befell the Milk Boy Taught the Twins a Lesson.

"Where have you been?" they asked; they wished they hadn't, for Daddy's face looked solemn the way it did in the city when they mustn't disturb him.

"I went over to Farmer Brown's," he said. "He sent me word that Ben, the milk boy, had hurt himself. I went over to see what I could do for him. It was pretty bad, but he's all right now."

Billy and Tommy looked scared. "Was it the firecrackers?" they asked. "Yes," said Daddy. "A big one exploded too soon, and we thought Ben had lost his eye. But it is better now, so let's not talk about it any more."

It was a very thoughtful pair of boys who said "Good-night" to everybody. When mother came to tuck them into their blankets on the hemlock beds, Billy put his arms around her neck and drew her head down close.

"Tell Uncle Jack," he whispered, "that we've had a dandy Fourth of July."

## DIRECTIONS.

To make the trees for the camp begin by cutting out the two portions A A; cover the backs of each with paste and roll them evenly round a pencil. Take them off as soon as possible, so that they may not stick, and when they are dry clip the lower portion through the black lines up to the dotted lines. This forms the trunk of the tree. To make the leaves take the two left patterns B and C, lay them upon half a dozen thicknesses of white or green paper, and cut according to the pattern. Repeat the operation and you will have enough leaves for the two trees. The leaves B are for the lower part of the tree and should be pasted to the trunk up to the dotted line. Put them in a circle round the trunk and paste the second circle just under and above the first. Follow with two or three of the leaves marked C and stick the rest into the hole at the top. When dry gently curl the leaves outward, as in No. 1. Spread out the flaps at the bottom of the trunk and bury them in the sand.

For the boat cut out portion D, following the heavy black lines, and fold the parts E under at the dotted lines, pasting them evenly over each other. Then paste the bow of the boat together at the curved dotted line indicated by an arrowhead. To form the back of the boat bend up and at the dotted lines—indicated by an arrowhead—the portions F F, lap them over each other evenly and paste. Bend them down and curve them to fit the opening at the bottom of the boat and paste them to the bottom. Now take two pieces of broom corn, stick them up at either end of the boat; string the lanterns s s s s on a thread and tie the ends to the broom straws. Cut out the oars, H H, after referring with notepaper or cardboard, place them in the oarlocks, paste the bottom of the boat to the glass lake and it will look very real.

The hammock marked H needs only to be cut out and pasted.

